This is your becoming...

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by DrHannibalLecterMD

Summary

The Wendigo featured in the show Hannibal has greatly fascinated me, the history regarding it and the lore surrounding it. I have started research into this, for the sake of my own curiosity and alas what I learned started to blossom into ideas about what would happen if Hannibal was not actually human but a beast, a creature who feeds off human flesh to now survive. I will not go into more detail as it will spoil the story, all I will say is that Will Graham certainly captured his attention and Hannibal who has been quite alone for a number of years is hoping to change that.

In times of famine, it is said that the wendigo spirit can find you when you are at your weakest point. It may be the final push that enables the person to initiate cannibalism for the self-preservation instead of dying.

For Will Graham, he has a choice that will change his life forever. What he considered a friend is now his captor and savior in a twisted way. For Will however, the surprises continue to keep coming.

Chapter 1

'I transferred my passion for anatomy into the culinary arts'

The line had stayed with Will longer than it should have, remembering the fateful night that he had saved a man's life, watching Hannibal work on the unconscious body. His eyes focused on the task, hands covered in blood as the former ER surgeon tried to stop the bleeding. He had asked later as to why he quit being a surgeon.

'I killed a patient… Well, it felt like killing them.' Hannibal spoke, his voice holding a tinge of regret.

Will could understand better than most, having worked as a cop initially then being transferred into homicide, then the investigations he participated in with the FBI. It was always rewarding to save someone, but when you were not able to, it felt as if their death had been from your own hand or lack of judgment. That it felt like you hadn't done enough and the actions you chose contributed to that person's death at times. It was a hard train of thought to break, something that still slightly haunted him now given at times he could still feel the killer's pleasure in taking the life from their victim. Other times, he thought it was their victim. It haunted him, long after they were dead and buried and at times, it always reared its ugly head at the wrong moments.

That is exactly what was happening in Hannibal's office right now, looking across to the man leaning against his desk opposite him as he poked and prodded his mind. The sessions that started after Garret Jacob Hobbs where he had to express his thoughts, feelings and emotions. Sometimes they were so disjointed, other times it scared him how easy it was they all fitted together and made him feel complete.

He wanted to shut down, close it up and not let Hannibal peer inside. Still, it would be considered rude, Hannibal had a unique way to get the information from him and was skilled at reading between the lines. Secretly, Will was impressed with his ability but he was also annoyed at other times. Their sessions were more conversations, there was no true doctor-patient confidentiality. Though he doubted Hannibal would share this knowledge, he was not legally obligated to, or ethically. The only thing Will had was the man's word, just as he had stated about publishing a paper on him posthumously.

"I still have the coppery smell of blood on my hands," Will admitted, looking up and blinking a few times.

His eyes flicking across to Hannibal as he saw him chewing on his bottom lip for a moment, lost in thought. Given he was a former surgeon, he must have had a moment the same as Will was facing now. Well, not quite the same but something similar.

"I can't remember seeing the crime scene before I saw myself killing her."

"Those memories sank out of sight, yet you're aware of their absence," Hannibal spoke, leaning forward slightly, his hands and arms falling open. Will observed, noting the textbook

signs that indicated that Hannibal was open to listening to him, most people would close up at such an admission from a patient, become more reclusive as the asked questions in a less personal matter.

“There's a grandiosity to the violence that I imagined that feels more real than what I know is true,” Will stated as he moved closer to Hannibal. Unsure as to why as he deliberated with himself, although knowing in a way he was trying to convince himself by saying the sentiment aloud.

“What do you know to be true?” Hannibal pushed the slight tilt of his head and voice holding curiosity. Wanting to hear more on the subject, not turning Will away or feeding him advice, he let him work out his own thoughts and derive his own conclusion for this matter.

“I know I didn't kill her.” Will softly spoke as he turned and walked. He didn’t believe the words, he couldn’t. “I couldn't have. But I remember cutting into her. I remember watching her die.”

“You must overcome these delusions that are disguising your reality,” Hannibal interjected, steering him towards a different path.

Will walked back towards the bookshelves, pausing as he grabbed onto the ladder. It’s solid presence used to ground himself to this reality. Whatever this reality was. The one where he was not a killer.

There was a soft click as shoes touched the floor, the creak of the floorboards as Hannibal moved closer. “What kind of savage delusions does this killer have?”

“It wasn't savage,” Will stated, slipping back to how he had felt. Knowing it a little too well for his own comfort. “It was lonely. It was desperate. Sad... I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror, and I looked right through me, past me, as if I was just a stranger.”

“You have to honestly confront your limitations with what you do,” Hannibal spoke, moving closer to Will as he tried to keep the eye contact. “And how it affects you.”

Sighing as he took in the words, leaning back against the ladder. Avoiding the eye contact as he looked anywhere but directly in front of him, at Hannibal. He thought back to the house, the image he had seen before he came to his senses in the bedroom sitting on the corpse. The knife in his hand as breathed heavily.

“If by limitations you mean the difference between sanity and insanity, I don't accept that.”

”What do you accept?” Hannibal asked, his eyes moving down to Will’s hands for a second before lifting up again. So close to him now, only two feet away as he watched him, as though he was ready to catch him if he fell.

“I know what kind of crazy I am, and this isn't that kind of crazy,” Will said, gripping the ladder tightly.

A shiver ran down his back as Hannibal breathed near him, nostrils flaring slightly as he inhaled deeply. As though he was smelling him again?

Letting go of the ladder, he walked forward, talking about this out loud giving voicing to his thoughts. It was as though he was admitting to them. The sick twisted images his own mind had conjured forth now repeating again, the fish on the bench. The blood.

Stopping in the middle of the room where he looked down at his own hands to make sure, was he really losing touch with reality.

“Will?”

Turning as Hannibal walked up behind him, concern was written on his face.

“I think I should go home.” Will quietly concede, the feeling of nausea creeping up on him as things started to slot into place in his mind.

“Have you eaten today?” Hannibal asked, standing next to him now.

Will's hands coming up to rub at his forehead, pushing his hair back quickly when he tried to cover a headache that was affecting him. of, reaching into his pocket as he pulled out the bottle of aspirin and shook two pills out into the palm of his hand.

“Not yet, unless this counts?” Will replied, giving Hannibal a look as he dry-swallowed the pills.

It simply earned him a displeased look which he shrugged off, walking back to the chair and picking up his coat.

“I still have to try and catch this killer, that and the Chesapeake Ripper. Jack is pushing us again.” Will said with a sigh at the end. “There is something I can’t figure out.”

“About the Ripper?” Hannibal asked, curious.

Will simply nodded. Instead of walking to the door he sat back down on the chair. All the talk of blood and savagery seemed to be so far from him. It was almost like it was safer to see things from the Chesapeake Ripper’s perspective, the beauty in his work instead of the horror. The flowers he left behind in some. How he turned pigs into art, using people as his canvas to convey his message. Elevated beyond words, relying more on people seeing and making their own conclusions. But not everyone saw the same image Will himself did, others missed the subtle clues and ended up at the wrong finish line.

“Why the organs?” Will asked, unable to piece together why for reasons.

“Surgical trophies.” Hannibal recited from the files no doubt.

“It has to be more than just that. Taking the liver or the kidneys is pretty straight forward. If he wanted to remove the eyeballs it is more complex.” Will said thinking aloud, given some of the scenes the Ripper was skilled with a scalpel and a man who had intelligence, education and a different view of the world.

“Does he strike you as someone who is concerned with what he sees in people’s eyes?” Hannibal asked, tilting his head a little.

“No… It’s just more difficult. It would give him a chance to show off more but he keeps taking the same organs.” Will said letting out a sigh. “Liver, heart, kidneys…. Offal” Will listed, surprise on the last as he looked up at Hannibal, seeing the curious glint in his eye. The image of his own dinner with his father years ago swimming to the surface, the plate set down in front of him with the sliced kidney’s from a lamb. It was significant at the time because they had been struggling, he remembered enjoying the meal despite being slightly disgusted to learn he was eating something different. “There all offal… I think he’s eating them.”

“Similar to Garret Jacob Hobbs?” Hannibal enquired.

“No… The Ripper would find that insulting” Will stated, distant, jumping to his feet again as he began to start pacing. “Eating his victims… It is the ultimate insult in a way. ”

“Compared to honouring them as Garret Jacob Hobbs did by consuming every aspect of them,” Hannibal spoke watching Will closely now.

“This is not honouring, not even close. The public displays, no. It’s the ultimate way to control a person, but the Ripper has knowledge and an interest in psychology and manipulation. He has other avenues. He eats them because…. I don’t know.”

“It’s a form of substance,” Hannibal said.

Brows furrowing as Will turned to look at Hannibal, seeing the man standing there. Giving the man a look to continue.

“Perhaps he requires a certain type of diet to survive,” Hannibal said, walking closer to Will who had not still fully grasped it. Yet he was too close to the truth now for Hannibal’s liking.

“Like a Vampire.” Will laughed, shaking his head at how absurd it sounded. “I don’t think the Ripper sees himself as that, he believes he is a far superior human being in a way. This is not a personality disorder or a delusion.”

“He may not be human at all. Have you ever heard of a Wendigo.” Hannibal spoke softly, practically on top of Will now.

“Never heard of it,” Will admitted.

“They are a creature that needs to consume the flesh of humans to survive.”

“I never pegged you for superstition, doctor.” Will almost gave a roll of his eyes.

Hannibal bowed his head a fraction. “Humans have often been narrow-minded. I thought perhaps you would have been different.” He confessed.

Time seemed to slow down suddenly for Will upon hearing those words, everything suddenly fitted as he looked at Hannibal simply shocked. His mouth slightly open and his eyes

growing wider, he recalled the jokes made, the dark humour that had hidden the cannibalism. The bodies that had been found and the scene he had discovered after first meeting the doctor, the one that had been practically gift wrapped because that is just what he intended it to be.

Acting upon instinct he reached to his side for his weapon. When he had made the movement, Hannibal acted quickly to grab him, arm wrapping around his neck and placing him in a headlock. Cutting the air supply as he applied more pressure, making Will choke and try to gasp for air as he drew him in closer to him to prevent him struggling or breaking free.

Fighting as he did, Will tried reaching back and to grab Hannibal's hair. A hand sealing over his mouth to prevent the screams that would escape, he bit down hard. Drawing blood that seeped into his mouth as he tried to scream, though it was no use when the blackness closed in around him and he lost consciousness.

Hannibal was breathing only slightly harder when he finally felt Will's body give, loosening his grip as he checked the man's pulse and then slowly let him slide down to the ground. The bite on his hand had already stopped bleeding, bringing it to his own lips as he licked it, watching as the skin knitted itself back together and the teeth marks disappeared. It had been a while since he had seen his own blood, tasted it even from a fight with another. He hoped Will would fight, he needed to with what was coming. Unable to let the man go free, despite people who would not believe him, it was too dangerous when Will showed the ability within himself to kill another. Given the monsters he had hunted, he wondered if he would have difficulty in taking down a real one.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thank you to hachiseiko, fluegelschatten & victorineb who beta read this for me and helped <3

I appreciate all your feedback and support with my writing and helping me to produce better fics.

Please go check out their works as well!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first thing he felt was a pounding in his head, making him scrunch his eyes shut before he opened them. Feeling disoriented as he saw the dimly lit room, his mind whirred as he tried to recall what had happened. Then, it all came flooding back. Instantly his body jerked and he let out a muffled scream, trying to get up and get out, but he merely felt the restraints that bound him and the gag that kept him silenced. Looking down he saw the legs of the chair and a concrete floor. Will's eyes darted around the room, reading and taking in what he could.

The room he was in was small, no bigger than his own kitchen, a plastic barrier hung between his area and another, obscuring his vision. He could make out shapes behind the plastic, blurred and distorted but he recognised a table of some kind and something hanging from the ceiling. The Ripper had been profiled as having a separate area where he killed before he put his victims on display; Will gathered this was his current location. Fluorescent lights hummed, the sound of which was unnerving as he sat there, bound and waiting for Hannibal's next move. Would he kill him? Would he try and eat him?

The very thought made a shiver run through his body, fingers twitching as discomfort settled over him and fear clung like a wet blanket. The doctor had referred to himself as some type of creature. A Wendigo. Needing the flesh of people to survive, the reason as to why the organs had been harvested. It sounded like madness to him, to hear Hannibal say those words in his own office in reference to himself. It was crazy, insane. And it made him feel stable for a brief moment.

Working in the field had taught him that monsters were usually just men. Hannibal, though, was something else entirely. Will admitted that; he didn't fit the standard code or labels they

had. He was unique. No outward signs, nothing Will could have picked up on. But he had said that about the Ripper to Jack.

"He looks normal, but he isn't."

Hearing a creak from somewhere behind him he inhaled sharply and stilled, trying to detect the exact source of the sound. A door closed, then soft and gentle steps descended towards him. Each one growing closer as he felt his heart pound in his chest. Controlling his emotions, Will sat up in the chair, tilting his head defiantly as the plastic barrier was drawn back and Hannibal stepped before him.

"Good evening, Will."

He wanted to laugh at the banality of the statement, but terror had him making eye contact, searching for an answer; one that he may not have wanted to know. Hannibal's body language was relaxed however, still in the same suit as he had been at his office minus the tie, so not much time could have passed.

Will's eyes followed Hannibal as he moved to a steel bench, his mind wondering if the man would make this quick, or slow and painful. Either way, he needed to work on a plan to escape. Given the concrete walls, he imagined that he must be in a cellar. It almost felt cliché for Hannibal, but he would not poke fun at him for his choices at this moment.

"After what was discussed at my office it was not an option for me to allow you to leave with that knowledge," Hannibal said. "Instead I have decided on a different course for you. Try not to scream."

The man moved forward as his hand reached behind Will, undoing the gag. It was spat out, Will seeing the paisley print and knowing it was Hannibal's tie, the one he had worn in his office.

"Jack will know that I am missing. That I went to see you for one of our sessions," Will instantly started saying. "I can cut you a deal, confess and we can arrange something decent."

The laughter that came from Hannibal chilled him, making his body flinch as Hannibal stood back and observed him, smiling at him, teeth bared like a predator ready to pounce.

“Jack Crawford is going to believe that you are dead. If you do not change, you will be.”

“If I do not change?”

“It is not an easy or simple process to convert a human to a Wendigo.” Hannibal spoke as he moved back to the bench, placing the tie down as he picked up a syringe. “Something that will take me time to perform on you. However, I have more pressing matters which need my attention.”

“You said Jack will believe I am dead,” Will said coldly, watching with increasing panic the syringe Hannibal was filling with clear liquid from a vial, trying to stall the situation or talk his way out somehow.

“Indeed.”

“You’re not going to elaborate?” Will nearly laughed. “I thought you would love to have someone you can show off to now. Show me how clever you are, how we have missed all your little hints and your puns,” he spat venomously.

Pausing as he turned to look at Will, his eyebrows slightly raised, Hannibal pursed his lips for a moment, contemplating.

“You have enough information for today. We can continue our discussions later.”

“You mean you can torture me later,” Will replied, eyeing the needle as Hannibal approached.

“There is no need for unnecessary suffering. I’m sure you are quite capable of torturing yourself. Given time, I believe you will be begging for my presence. That or something else,” Hannibal said as his lips twitched quickly into a smile.

Walking around then, Hannibal came to stand next to Will, hand reaching out to stroke his arm.

“Wait! What are you giving me?!”

“Steroid therapy to treat your encephalitis. But first, it would be wiser to put you in an induced coma for the treatment,” Hannibal said nonchalantly, holding Will’s arm as he pushed the steel tip of the needle in.

A groan of pain slipped past Will’s lips as a needle was inserted into his vein, then taped in place. Hannibal left him there for a moment before bringing back an IV stand and setting it up next to him.

Deciding he had nothing left to lose, he would rather be dead than a lab rat for Hannibal.

“What’s wrong. Can’t eat diseased meat or is my crazy contagious?!”

All he received was an amused glance before Hannibal started to adjust the stand and set a bag of fluids up.

“You should consider yourself lucky that I have been managing your symptoms. A short course of immunotherapy with steroids to suppress your immune system and intravenous immunoglobulins-“

“English, Dr. Lecter,” Will spat as he felt him hooking the tube into the needle in his arm.

“Usually found in patients with cancer though you do not have any tumours that showed on the scans nor was I able to scent any-“

Will gave a roll of his eyes, still not following on the conversation, only adding “Oh, great. Now you can sniff out cancer… Wait… Did you know about Jack’s wife?” asked as he turned to him, angered slightly as he started to see how much Hannibal manipulated everyone around him.

He was shown a victorious smirk that made him feel sick. It sunk in then that whatever Hannibal was planning there would be no escaping it. He was not going to kill him and eat him like one of his other victims. Instead he was going to change him, make him like the other man. Consuming human flesh... only he would not.

“I’m not going to eat anything you give me. I would rather starve than eat another meal you have prepared.”

“You have never complained about the cuisine before,” Hannibal mused. “We will see though, how long do you believe you will last out?”

Nostrils flaring, Will glared at his doctor, the man that had called himself a friend. The one responsible for the crimes he had seen, who Will had asked him for his help to solve them while Hannibal had simply pushed him in different directions.

“I would rather die,” Will spat.

“Then I will have no choice but to not allow that to happen. As a medical professional each human life is sacred. And once I begin changing you into a Wendigo, I am bound by my own rules. Considering I will have you as my mate.”

“Your mate.”

“I am an alpha, Will,” Hannibal said, moving back near the bench, then turning to face him before he spoke again. “The process of how we survive is… different. Alphas are born whereas omegas are simply created. Normally we do not form attachments to our human

counterparts, given they do not survive. But I intend to change that with you. You are unique."

"Oh god, no," said Will, his voice hoarse as he felt bile rising up the back of his throat. "I would never want to be your *mate."*

"My kind for centuries simply turned a human, mating with them and keeping them until the child was born." Hannibal nonchalantly ignored Will's obvious discomfort at what he proposing to do to him. "The child would kill the carrier, breaking through the flesh with their bare hands when they were born and then feasting upon the carcass. It was how they survived and their first meal."

Hannibal let the information dwell in Will, watching his frantic eyes, limbs pulling against restraints to no avail. The hunt was finally over for him, after having searched for so long. A worthy mate to keep by his side, with whom to create a child that would inherit beauty and intelligence from them both. Pulling a syringe out of his pocket, he stuck it into the IV line and slowly released the contents to let the drugs flow through Will's system.

"No no no-no! Please!... Hannibal, you can't do this!... It's not possible!"

A violent shiver ran through Will's very veins as he made broken pleas, eyes blinking tears as he sobbed between breaths. Feeling his muscles grow heavy, darkness started to creep into his vision. A desire to close his eyes which he fought until it won out and he slumped, head lolling for a brief second before a hand came to support it.

"I do hope you take to the change, my dear Will. It would be a shame to lose you," sighed Hannibal, stroking the stubbled cheek of the profiler.

*

The next few days passed in a haze, Will drifting in and out of consciousness as Hannibal kept administering the therapy to treat the encephalitis that he had cultivated over the last few months. Tearing down all he had created, what he had encouraged to grow and blossom. It could not be a part of Will anymore and it was time to extinguish the fire that he had stoked.

For the first few days he kept Will upstairs in the house, monitoring him closely and ensuring his needs were met and the dosages were correct. As the hours passed he could scent the slow change in the man's scent, what was a fevered sweetness soon turned more earthy and sharp.

Finally, Hannibal deemed him well enough to take him off the treatment. This meant returning him to the basement as well, and part of Hannibal would miss seeing the man on the crisp, dark blue sheets. Being able to touch him and talk to him, whispering to him of things to come as he watched eyelids flicker with sleep, absorbing his words.

It was more a precaution, for when Will awakened he would not be still. Hannibal needed to contain him, to prevent escape and keep the man from injuring himself. Yet it was that spirit that filled him with hope that Will would take to the change, unlike the one before him.

*

Groggy from sleep, it took Will a while to register that Hannibal was sitting next to him as he lay on the bed. Screwing his eyes shut again, he licked his dry lips.

"I thought you would kill me." Will spoke with a gravelly tone, throat already aching and feeling so dry as he gave a small cough. Feeling a straw pressed to his lips, he sipped on water, not entirely grateful.

The room he was in was similar to the one before, concrete walls enclosed him in a smaller space however, and the softness he felt under him suggested some kind of mattress.

"Where am I?" Will asked, his voice hoarse and slightly afraid.

"What exactly do you remember Will?" Hannibal enquired, leaning forward on his seat with hands clasped together as though this was just another session with a patient.

Will bared his teeth suddenly, eyes sharp with malicious intent as they bore into maroon. “Everything. *I will not be your mate,”* Will sneered. “You need help, Dr. Lecter.”

“I’m glad to see the encephalitis has not affected your memories. Your short term memory at least,” Hannibal responded, amused.

Hannibal stood, making Will move; realising he was not restrained now he started to sit up. Despite the dull ache he felt from his head, it was nothing compared to before. Looking down at the sheet that covered him, he noticed the change of clothes and the cannula sticking out of the back of his hand. He instantly went to remove the drip line that was still connected, eyes meeting Hannibal’s as he pulled it from his vein quickly and stopped the bleeding with his own thumb.

The pain made him wince, mouth firing at Hannibal, “You ate those people because you believe you are a Wendigo!”

Normally Hannibal would have stopped the man, but he doubted Will wanted his touch. He watched, listened with a congenial smile affixed to his features as the scent of blood filled the room and a few drops were soaked up by the white sheet.

“You’re sick Dr. Lecter,” Will tried to reason, clenching his jaw slightly as he realised he had just bled in the same room as a man who enjoyed eating human flesh. Instantly he drew his legs up defensively, preparing himself for something to happen.

Sighing with disappointment, Hannibal said, “The sight of human blood or flesh does not make me crave it if you are curious Will. I was a successful surgeon for a number of years, I have seen the human body at its worst and operated to save the lives of others.”

“So why do you eat it then?”

Hannibal simply raised an eyebrow at him, having already had the discussion.

“No,” Will said, shaking his head. “You’re not some creature. Though you may be suffering from Wendigo Psychosis.”

“Who do you believe invented the term for such?” Hannibal spoke with a coy smirk.

It made Will stop, fearful of just how far gone Hannibal was from reality. The man had studied this, there were procedures he needed to pass to gain his qualifications. When did he start to believe in this?

“The term was given after a few Wendigos were caught eating flesh, having tried to stave off the initial urge to eat, which in turn led to them losing their minds and acting more upon instinct than as rational beings.” His tone was slightly nostalgic as a twisted smile appeared on Hannibal’s lips. “Then there were my own patients who I tested out with smaller doses, curious about the effect it would have on the mind. In the end they were transferred to different hospitals when they started to become violent, slowly dying. It takes a certain mind to complete the transformation, given our nature. You display it in being able to empathise with killers. It is not pleasant, but it has not broken you like it would many others.”

“I’m loving my choices,” Will retorted, shying away from the scolding glance Hannibal gave him.

“The transformation can be... arduous. But I hope you shall fight through it, the initial step has begun, quite accidentally. When you bit my hand in the office, my blood entered into your body. It is one of the first steps. Introducing the DNA to begin the biological change, the next step is to begin feasting upon the flesh, it will-“

“I’m not eating anything you give me!”

“You will,” Hannibal simply stated, turning as he walked out. Picking the chair up with him.

His heart skipped a beat, knowing that Hannibal was leaving him in this small, enclosed space as he stood at the doorway, hand on the handle of the door. “Wait! Dr. Lecter! Wait!” cried Will as he scrambled from the bed towards the door, fearful the man would shut it, locking him in and not allowing him to escape.

What happened next made him fall as the man before him changed, the doctor he knew transformed before his very eyes. It was as though the night was coming, darkness draining the lights in the room as they flickered and the shadow grew over him. Hannibal's skin turned black as his nails grew into sharp claws that held the door, dragging up against the metal producing a scratching sound that resonated in Will and made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. Antlers grew between Hannibal's hair, beginning to protrude from his head as his teeth turned sharper. So white against the black of his skin and his eyes, they retained some of that flicker of red but the sclera was now black, reflecting the light in the most unholy way.

Will's escape efforts ceased immediately as he cowered back, breathing fast as wide eyes took in the image before him. Enveloped by terror, fear nipping at his limbs, his mind registered that what had been spoken was all truth. He was unable to pull his gaze from the Wendigo as it took a step towards him.

"You will eat, if you do not you will surely die, though it will be a terrible agonising death. Even if you eat there is still a chance you will not survive. Though I am confident with my assistance you shall." Hannibal spoke calmly, his tone sounded so normal despite the change.

With that, the door was shut. A resounding thud that made Will shiver, unable to move from the corner that he had backed himself into as he watched the creature. *This was not madness,* Will thought, his mind racing. *It was real, Hannibal was... is this creature… And he is making me one as well.*

Huddled in the corner, he did not dare move, afraid to even breathe normally as he listened. Soft sounds from around him carried through to his 'cell' from the small talking slot.

Eventually he gathered enough courage to stand as he made his way over to the door, seeing the top open that allowed him to look out, knowing that it was left open for a reason. Still, he was not prepared for what he saw.

Past the chains, the plastic and steel benches and tables, hanging from the ceiling was what caused him to back away again, sliding slowly down the wall as he rocked himself.

The bodies hung from the chains on the ceiling, some skinned, while some were not. They were at different stages of being skinned and cut for meat, though it looked as though Hannibal had hung them to let the meat to set, the blood having been drained from their bodies from slits on their throats, then hung upside down by the ankles. Chest cavities bare, only meat and bones waiting to be sliced and cut.

It made Will question how many people Hannibal had killed, given they had only ever seen nine of the Ripper's victims. Only organs had been taken from those, but these bodies looked as though there was going to be nothing left to waste.

He was sitting in a cell in what could be the closest thing to a human abattoir.

Chapter End Notes

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Always feel free to drop me a prompt too, for a manip or a fic. I do enjoy writing some quirky things!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

A special thank you to fragile-little-mongoose for beta reading the chapter for me! <3

His sleep was fitful, tossing and turning most of the time on the lumpy mattress. It was one Will had no doubts about, that previous victims of Hannibal's had slept on. There was no way to tell the time, no windows or sounds of the outside world that alerted him to what was happening. It felt as though time stood still in this place, yet it didn't.

The dogs had then run off into the woods, they were all barking at something. It caught his attention too, yelling to the dogs to come back, yet none of them seemed to listen. Continuing to run as Will caught up to the tree line.

Once he stepped through into the woods, it became darker. The further he entered the more the light seemed to fade, though there was something up ahead. He continued forward although he paused for a moment to listen, there was no more barking. That concerned him as he moved faster, picking his pace up as he heard twigs cracking in the distance.

Entering into a clearing was where he saw the man on the stainless steel table, though this time he was looking at him. His body still shook as he let out a few whimpers while Will approached, feet from the man he looked around for Hannibal.

There was no one else there, he surged forward the last few steps as he grabbed at the straps that held the man down, pulling at them to try and free him as he looked at him hopelessly and wailed. Stopping as he felt something burning his hands he let go and staggered back, holding his hands up as he examined them closely. Nothing was on them yet the sensation continued, then coming down from his arms his skin started to turn black.

"No!" Will screamed as he scratched and clawed at his own arms until he drew blood and yelled louder.

His fingernails had turned into claws nearly, sharp and pointed. His own flesh hanging from it as he held it up in front of him, looking at the skin dangling on the end of it. Curious to know, he brought the finger to his mouth. Opening as he laid the piece of flesh over his tongue and tasted himself, his blood and the chewiness of his skin. It was ***good*** *and he wanted more, desperate, he sucked on his fingers savouring the last of what was left on them before he stopped. He needed more, to sate the appetite he felt, yet he couldn't eat himself.*

That was when the man on the table seem to scream louder and draw his attention, slowly lowering his hand as he walked forward. Stopping as he looked out into the distance, thinking he had heard something, looking into a clearing yet it was pitch black. He turned back to the

man on the table and brought his finger down. Tracing a line from his throat to his navel, drawing blood that ran over his body in small trickles as the man screamed obscenely.

Bringing the nail up to his eyes, looking at the blood dripping from it as he tasted it. Closing his eyes as he savoured the flavour, the sweetness. Male, mid 30's and a non-smoker. A light drinker yet he appreciated the whiskey that was in his blood, similar to his own brand that he brought. His mouth salivated wildly as the finger left, the residual taste still barely on his tongue and he wanted more. He needed more.

Looking down at the man, he looked back in fear at Will, his eyes wide as Will smiled at him. Leaning over as he raised his hands and then began to dig into the flesh before him. Ripping into it as he watched the man to move away yet unable, feeling his organs and blood in his hands as he tore the flesh from his body and exposed his internal organs.

Pausing for second as he inhaled the aroma, eyes observing the organs moving, his heart beating as he lungs breathed for him. The liver looked so plump and decadent as he traced a finger gently over it. Placing both hands over it as he felt the organ in his bare hands, watching the blood smear over it as he used his sharpened fingernails to cut it out. Bringing it up to his face as he smelled the whiskey it was still processing.

Will bit into it, the blood running down his chin as he tore a chunk out. Bringing the organ down as he tilted his head back and chewed, feeling somewhat deeply sated as he did. The taste of chicken on his palette, licking his lips before taking a second bit.

That was when everything changed and suddenly he was standing on the edge of the clearing again. Yet this was different. Looking into the centre, something black stared back at him. For a moment Will froze in fear, thinking it may have been Hannibal. He stood quietly, not daring to even breathe as he watched the beast turn and after a few moment begin to cut into the man in front of him.

He wanted to be sick, he wanted to scream and run. Yet something kept him frozen there and it wasn't until he saw the beast lift an organ out and chomp into it greedily he realised that it was himself.

He was standing where he had thought he had heard something, now he realised the Wendigo had been watching all along. This was planned, the man had been a gifted to him.

He was watching a Wendigo version of himself eating flesh. Enjoying and savouring the taste as he watched himself continue, raising a hand to his own mouth as he salivated remembering the taste of what he had just been eating. A desire to walk forward and join him. But also the sensation of pride he had in his chest, feeling it swell and his heartbeat pick up as he took a step towards the fresh meat.

He woke, gasping for air as the very nightmare still swam in his vision. He could feel the prickle of cold sweat and then he heard Hannibal's voice.

"Pleasant dreams Will?"

"Fuck you!" Will spat back, his voice slightly raspy.

A delicious aroma filling his nostrils, following the scent he looked to the door where there was a plastic plate and a spork waiting for him.

Approaching it cautiously, as they he were a wild animal. Will knew this was made especially for him, one of his personal favourites. A seared steak with Dianne sauce poured over it. He was practically salivating at this stage, stomach churning in anticipation of a warm meal that would be most welcomed.

As he was about to reach for it, a bottle of water rolled through the small opening. Reaching out quickly, he took it before it collided with the plate. Then he brought it up to inspect the seal, he was thirsty, but he would not put it past Hannibal to try and drug or sedate him, again.

“I have no intentions of drugging you. Anything that happens at the moment, is of your own free will.” Hannibal spoke nonchalantly.

“Bullshit.” Will rasped. He uncapped the bottle of water quickly when he was satisfied, drinking it quickly, pausing for a little bit in between to prevent himself from being sick.

Finishing half the bottle, he took the plate, sliding it back to the door to be collected. “I don’t want your food, no matter what you prepare.” He spoke after seeing that there was nothing else on it but the meat on the plate.

“Very well.” Hannibal stated.

Watching as the slow was opened, the plate lifted with steady hands. Will breathed a sigh of relief when he saw they held their usual olive complexion, not the black skin with talons for nails he had seen earlier. The small opening closed, the ricochet of a bolt locking it.

Having no opening for Hannibal made him feel strangely more secure, despite the situation he faced. But what he also desired at the same time was some way of knowing when the man was coming.

He had to work on a plan, a possible way to escape. The cement walls and current surroundings gave him none, and he was truly playing a waiting game with the doctor. There were no intentions to let him win, he would not fold easily and start eating human flesh, he would fight the change that Hannibal wanted to force.

The mattress was on the floor, the lights were not reachable even if he stood on the toilet. There was no sink and the toilet seat was missing. Bare essentials. Even the mattress was just simple foam, no means to procure something to hurt the creature with.

Sighing heavily, he curled up on the mattress in defeat after his search producing no results. Arms wrapped around his pillow as he thought of his dogs, Alana and Jack. As time passed, he started to think on how he had missed the signs of what Hannibal was. Will wanted to say monster, but he couldn’t bring himself too with the thought that Hannibal was trying to change him now.

So creature it was, it felt like a better title. He cursed himself for it, thinking that Hannibal would also agree, unless he simply wanted to be called a deity. In a sense he knew it was not his fault for not knowing what Hannibal was, until now he had never heard of a Wendigo before and if he had he probably would have been calling Dr. Chilton.

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Sitting in his office desk, Hannibal stared down at his tablet. There on the screen was Will drinking, sitting against a wall as a hand carded through his curls. Hannibal was pleased to see the man at least staying hydrated, though not as pleased to see his lunch still sitting on the floor untouched. His attention was drawn from the man though when a knock came from his office door, turning the tablet off and putting it away.

Looking at his watch, he was not due a patient for another hour at least, he stood as he fixed his suit and walked to the door. He opened it to find Alana Bloom standing before him, her eyes red and slightly puffy.

“I could use a friend if you’re free” Alana said, her voice slightly hoarse.

“Please, come in.” Hannibal spoke, opening the door wider for her as she shrugged off her coat. He hung it up for her as she made her way over to his liquor cabinet. How was he to deny a friend in need.

“I’m sorry.” Alana spoke as she poured two glasses. “I’m such a mess.”

Hannibal took out two glasses, pouring a beer in one for Alana and a glass of red wine for himself. He was slightly amused at the reaction she was displaying, given when she had her chance to be with Will she had turned him down. Yet now that he was listed as missing, her world seemed to have turned upside down and she craved him more than ever.

“I take it there has been no news then.” Hannibal spoke, his voice remorseful as he looked down at his glass for a moment.

“Jack said…. They found his car.” Alana spoke, her voice breaking as she continued. “Said he wanted to speak to me…. Probably us….. But not until he got back to, to the office.”

He gave her a nod, he had taken the car and driven it somewhere remote. Leaving no note or anything within it, the dogs had plenty of food and water, and one could assume Will simply walked out. Given his condition and his current lack of stability, they were likely to assume the worst.

“I think he means to tell us that Will is dead.” Alana said in a whisper, her eyes wide as she looked at Hannibal. The tears already forming again as he put an arm around her.

“I’m sure it is nothing like that.” Hannibal reassured her. “There was no note, there has been no ransom demands.”

“He may have been sleepwalking.” Said Alana, trying to think of ways Will could still be alive. “Maybe he was out fishing and had an accident and the hospital doesn’t have any

records."

Saying nothing, Hannibal let her mind race with possibilities of how Will could still be alive. When he would allow Will to come back into society, he could chose his own tale, though Hannibal knew they would most likely go the route of needing space and time alone. Alana knew better than anyone that Will was reluctant for social interaction, that he would stay away from people and avoid them. She would be understanding, eventually.

As if on cue his own phone lit up, Jack's number showing as he looked at Alana who simply nodded in understanding. He stood as he answered the phone, walking towards his desk.

"Good evening Jack." Hannibal greeted as he saw Alana look up in his peripheral vision.

"Hannibal." Greeted Jack. "I'm wondering when I might be able to talk to you?"

"I'm with Alana Bloom at the moment and have a patient coming within the hour. Sometime after 2pm, if it is not too late for you?"

"It's not and perhaps it might be best to meet you at your office, where on our way back now from the scene. No doubt Alana has come to speak to you regarding it."

"Yes." Hannibal simply answered, not turning back to look at Alana.

"She's in the room with you now isn't she." Jack spoke, a sigh at the end of his sentence.

"Yes. We will be waiting for you. Until then, goodbye Jack."

"Goodbye Hannibal."

He slid the phone back into his jacket pocket as he turned, Alana was bent over her legs as she gripped her glass. Tears rolling down her cheeks, seeing her in this state Hannibal couldn't exactly leave her alone. He was supposed to be grieving for Will as well. Though now was hardly the time with a patient coming within half an hour.

"Alana I'm afraid-"

"I'm so sorry Hannibal." Alana sobbed standing up as she wiped a hand over her face. "I wasn't thinking straight, I drove over here as I had nowhere else to go and I know you miss him as well. But he just can't be dead. He can't!"

Giving her a tissue, he sat down next to her again, taking her hand. Only she flung herself around him. He placed an arm around her as he rubbed her back to comfort her, exactly what a grieving friend would do.

"We can talk to Jack together. In the meantime, perhaps you might want to get a coffee while I conduct my last session. Jack will be arriving soon." Hannibal spoke, pleased when she pulled back and understood.

Managing to shoo her out the door fifteen minutes before his next patient arrived, he finished his wine. Clearing away the glasses and checked his tablet to see how Will was doing.

Pleased to see the man curled up asleep.

Looking up as he saw the minute hand nearly on the hour, he stood. Fixing his jacket before he greeted his last patient for the day. A man whose wife had left him as she had found a more appropriate lover. Casting the man aside as he tried to deal with it, he was not doing so well. Yet Hannibal endured, he was respectful though curious. Once the hour was up, he escorted him out as he walked back to the waiting room to find, Jack and Alana standing there to greet him.

“Good evening, Jack,” Hannibal greeted.

“If it was under better circumstances it might be.” Jack responded, walking into the office as Alana followed.

Hannibal closed the door after they entered, following just behind the pair, Jack did not sit as Alana walked towards his desk. She stood next to it as she folded her arms across her chest, looking at Jack. Her expression was strained, on the verge of crying or screaming at Jack. The agent gave a deep sigh and rubbed the back of his neck. Turning to Hannibal as he gestured to his desk.

“You may want to take a seat for this doctor.” Jack spoke distantly.

Looking at his face, he saw it in the eyes that let him know he was hear to deliver the bad news about Will. Doing as Jack had asked, he took a seat behind his desk as Alana sat and Jack took the last remaining. Clasping his hands together as he leant forward slightly.

“We have found Will’s car and there was no evidence of a struggle. The going theory at the moment is that it looks like someone has either taken Will… Or he needed some space.” Jack spoke.

Alana was quiet as her jaw tightened and eyes squinted slightly at Jack, she was not going to let this slide as easily as the man. Will was her friend, and she cared about him, there was a sense that if she had not rejected him he may still be here. She felt responsible in a way.

“There was no blood. No patterns or signs of a struggle, that’s what forensics have said. To which then he could have been taken, possibly drugged. We’ve taken some of his things to test, but we doubt anything will show up. We know he left his dogs, something that the Will I know would not-”

“But you think he’s dead.” Interjected Alana in a hoarse voice. “You think someone either killed him, or that he-“

“I’m not sure where Will is Alana.” Jack cut her off.

“It has to be the Ripper,” Alana said rising. “You’ve had him looking at the cases all the time, who knows he was probably out chasing a lead instead of attending his therapy sessions with Hannibal like he was supposed to!”

“There are no real suspects at the time but we are considering the ripper.”

“If it is the ripper.” Hannibal interrupted, making Alana look at him, shrinking back to her seat with a sheepish look as she brought a hand over her mouth. “He may have been able to tend to clean the scene, or he may certainly be dead. We cannot forget that. Given the last time when he took Miriam Lass.” Jack shied away at the name as Hannibal savoured the moment. “I doubt we will find a trace of him or he will become part of the cycle.”

“The FBI is pulling the search,” Jack said after a minute. “They can’t have agents looking for someone who they believe is dead. The paperwork is going through my office but it is likely he will be classified as missing.”

“You can’t just give up on him like that Jack.’ Alana spoke, so close to crying in front of them now.

“I’m just reading the evidence, it doesn’t look good. We have no evidence, just like Miriam Lass, Will vanished, no trace, which is why we’re not sure if it is the ripper.” Jack spoke, looking to Hannibal who simply nodded.

Alana stood, her chair screeching against the floor as she stormed from the room, making Jack sigh as he looked again at Hannibal. “Perhaps it is best if you talk to her about this, there is nothing more I can do with the FBI, my hands are tied. I haven’t given up on Will.” He said as he stood, holding his hand out for Hannibal to shake.

“In time we will learn what happened, and hope that he does return safely to us… I will make sure Dr. Bloom receives only the best available.” Hannibal said.

“Then that would be a six pack of beer I believe.” Jack countered with a light laugh. “I wanted to have better news for you. Myself.” He said, shaking his head. “There was… I never expected him to go like this.”

Tilting typo his head slightly at the term, Jack already believed Will to be dead. Setting his next plan into motion, given what would happen over the next few weeks with Will.

A new Wendigo always had an insatiable appetite, more because a human who transformed would be eating for two. Hannibal still had to ready Will for his transformation, then his heat would hit him. After this, there would be more bodies required, more meat needed for not only his new mate, but the life that would grow inside of him.

If Will did not eat, it would drain him of his own flesh before he would even be born. It was how most omega’s of their species perished, not eating enough to the stage they became weak and would then consume the parent. Or what they normally referred to as host, given that only a handful had ever survived.

“No one ever expects to lose friend until it simply happens. Then we are left to deal with the aftermath of the events.” Hannibal spoke, walking Jack to the door as he held it open for him.

“You’re right.” Jack sighed. “I’m sure Will wouldn’t mind if Alana looked after his dogs. Thank you again, Hannibal, though I never did ask if you had someone to speak to either?”

“I have my own unconventional psychiatrist.” Hannibal smiled, seeing some relief in Jack’s face. One thing for certain, he would never sit down and discuss any problems with Jack. He much rather enjoyed discussing Jack’s own, with his wife dying and the man struggling to come to terms with Will missing.

The two nodded at each other, no words left to say. They had all been spoken. Hannibal turned, walking back to his liquor cabinet as he poured himself a glass of his favourite red and sauntered to his desk. Picking up the tablet as he watched Will again. Sipping the wine as he celebrated the victory he had wanted. He was free to do with Will as he wished, given everyone considered him dead or missing, an article would no doubt be published about it.

Perhaps a change in scenery was in order Hannibal thought, leaning back in his chair as he closed his eyes and decided on where it would be best to travel abroad. They could not stay in the states, the risk of someone Hannibal knew coming to see him was too great. No, abroad was better, France was always beautiful this time of year and he had an estate that he wished to visit.

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The lights were always left on, confusing him and making his senses dull slightly too. Will knew the techniques, had seen the FBI perform them on suspects they interviewed. It did not help to reduce the physical effects it was having on him, an ache in his stomach that was becoming more difficult to ignore.

There were three meals in a day, with each meal a bottle of water and on his third meal two bottles were given to him. After several meals, Will started to lose track of how many he had rejected, there were no plates left in his room and the bottles disappeared when he slept which he found disturbing.

Right now though, he heard the click of a door, the one that must have been connected to Hannibal’s house as he heard him descend the stairs. He was sitting on the mattress, waiting. But the bottom slot for his food never opened, there was a change. It was the top that was unlocked and allowed him to view out.

Hesitantly, he rose to his feet and slowly crossed the distance, curious as to why Hannibal had changed his routine.

He watched Hannibal carry something in over his shoulder, only realising it was human when he laid it out on the stainless steel table before him. The figure began to move as he was strapped down and Hannibal cocked his head a little towards Will’s cell.

It made Will duck slightly, heart beating rapidly as he avoided looking into the doctor’s eyes. Only when he heard the sound of footsteps did he dare to look again.

Upon the stainless steel table, a man looked up to Hannibal, begging for his life, to be spared, but Will knew that he would not be. Still, he looked on.

“I-I’m so-rry!.... Please, take m-my car… Do you want money… I can get you money!”

Hannibal was bent over the man now, his back was turned to Will, but Will could still see where he was tracing his fingers over the man. Makes those invisible lines of the sections he would cut, deciding what he would harvest. Will could hear the delight in the doctor's voice when he spoke, the amusement he had for the situation.

"You had your chance to apologise, though were terribly rude. Rudeness is something I can not tolerate. I'm surprised this has not happened sooner, that you still have a tongue to wag. Your acquaintance leaves much to be desired."

Will watched, heart pounding as he saw Hannibal straighten, pushing his shoulders back with his head held high as he moved from the man on the table to a small tray that was to the side. His hand hovered over it, Will knew he was selecting a tool to use, a scalpel, bone saw, rib cutters? He could not see from his position, but when Hannibal did pick up a scalpel, Will was not surprised by his choice of instrument, he used to be a surgeon.

"No… Please!!!" The man wailed at him before his cries were muffled.

Raising his hand as the scalpel glinted in the light before coming down to cut through the man's clothes, Will watched in horror as Hannibal begun to slice his victim open. There was screaming, so much screaming as he peeled back the flesh. Cracking the ribs the as he began to take organs out. It was when Hannibal removed the lungs, holding them up slightly that Will realised the screaming was coming from him.

Clapping his hands over his mouth as he tried to contain himself, feeling the urge to be sick. He backed into the wall, standing there with his mouth still firmly covered, feeling the heat of his body, his breath against his hands as he tried to breathe through his nose and calm himself. Eyes shut as he rocked himself.

He didn't hear the footsteps approaching the door, only saw the slot at the bottom open and a plastic plate slide in with two pieces of meat there for him, a human kidney and liver. He knew those organs well, had seen and held some in his time. But he had never seen them served raw before, staring at the plate, the blood that covered the organs and looked like a dressing to pair with them.

Will was terrified when he found himself salivating at the sight, his stomach rumbling and his own mind saying it was perfectly fine to eat this food. This raw meat was all his to eat, and despite the appearance, it would taste so good.

"Bon appetite," spoke Hannibal, an obvious humour in his tone.

Will lunged at the door, forgetting about everything else as he started to pound against it, screaming Hannibal's title, calling him a monster and every other name he could think of as he did. He did not know how long he had been there thumping against it until his body tired and he broke down in tears, sliding down the door as he curled in a ball and sobbed.

Suddenly his door was opened, Hannibal standing before him in an elegant plaid suit with a tie that complemented the outfit. Will felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand, a lump form in his throat. Lacking the energy to move, Will shied away from the doctor. Not daring to

look in his eyes. He whimpered pitifully and begged when he felt Hannibal's hands pulling him up.

"I have tried to be reasonable, but this will do you no good." Hannibal spoke as he carried him from the cell.

He knew he was changing then, in that moment. He was thinking differently, starting to see things differently. What scared him the most was how good Hannibal smelled, there was a desire to bury his nose into his chest and inhale.

"You have gone too long without food, your body is malnourished, I can not have you like this, as a doctor I am forced to take action."

There was a broken laugh from Will at those words.

"You of all people obeying the Hippocratic oath." He snarled, trying to regain his old self and poke the beast he knew Hannibal was. "Tasteless."

Hannibal paused, looking down at Will in his arms before a tiny smirk appeared on his lips. "If you have such a problem with taste, you will not mind the nasogastric tube."

Body tensing as he heard those last words, Will would have no such thing. In that moment though he understood that no matter what he did, he would not escape. Hannibal would not kill him, he would not allow him to starve either.

"By that look, it seems you have come to a decision," spoke Hannibal, manoeuvring Will into a chair at a table. It was much smaller in comparison to his dining room table, but it would do for the two of them.

It was strange to see the basement or this area. Will wondered how big it was, how far it stretched under Hannibal's home. He eventually gave a jittery nod at the doctor's words, eyes closed as he licked parched lips, feeling the very cracks in his skin that he could feel inside of his own mind.

"I would prefer to eat... Something cooked, not raw. Please." He added the last with a look of sorrow on his face, he could not stomach raw meat right now, he did not want to taste it.

The smile he got from Hannibal made his blood turn cold, seeing his teeth, those sharp canines shining in the light before he gave a small bow. He was left alone, something he had wished for, but he had no plans now to escape despite wishing for this moment. When Hannibal returned a few minutes later, in his hand a pristine white ceramic plate, knife and fork in the other and a beautiful serving of freshly cooked fillet mignon.

Gently the plate was set in front of Will, the cutlery as well. Will's hands trembled as they reached out and picked up the knife and fork, eyes darting up to Hannibal's as he saw the doctor watching him closely. Instead of focusing on him, Will looked back down to the plate, gathering the courage to try the meat. Eventually, he had cut a piece and speared it onto his fork, lifting it towards his mouth.

His mind screamed ‘yes’ and ‘no’ at the same time, as though there were two personalities present, and as he thought on that for a moment he gathered there was. There was the emerging side that Hannibal was bringing forth from him, the Wendigo, and then there was his old self telling him this was wrong but at the same time, his old self was curious.

The meat popped into his mouth then, lips closing around the fork as he felt it sliding off and teeth coming down then to chew on it. Flavours erupted on his tongue, salivating more as he chewed and eventually swallowed. Then he went back for seconds.

Hannibal watched, lips creeping up the more the meat disappeared, pleased that Will was taking to it and had finally come to terms with what was happening. He would be ready for the final change soon, but he would have to leave Baltimore and take Will with him. Along with someone for the final change to occur and before Will would enter into his heat.

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